

Isle au Haut, eight or ten miles to the south-east as we came up by North Haven toward Eagle Island Light, which, by the way, had the honour of gaining expressions of unqualified admiration from Miss Doane, and it will probably, on that account, hold its haughty head higher than ever above the waves.

A number of the islands were extremely pretty, as we sailed up the bay. We made Pumpkin Island Light at about half an hour before sunset, and anchored close under Little Deer Island, in Eggemoggin Reach. Miss Doane takes exceptions to the name of Pumpkin Island. Mrs. Otis also denounces it bitterly. They say that all the names have been pretty, Newaggen, Manhegan, Owl's Head, and Isle au Haut, and they also graciously approve of even Eggemoggin, Indian names, however unpronounceable, being always charming; but no words can express their contempt and loathing for poor Pumpkin Island. Mr. Otis remarked that he presumed Asphodel Light House or Fringed Gentian Islet would be more likely to find favour with the sickly, morbid fancy of certain persons he could mention, but that for his part he admired Pumpkin Island hugely. It was a good, substantial, sensible, honest name, and patriotic, moreover, as it commemorated the national dish of New England—pumpkin pie—and he wished he had some.

The Infant records this speech, not because he regards it as in the least amusing or instructive, but merely as an illustration of the heartless, he might say sinister style of comment in which Mr. Otis and Mr. Harry Blake have taken incredible delight during the whole voyage.

SUNDAY, September 2.

Passed a quiet day at anchor here, not because we were afraid we would be drowned and made into a tract to frighten small boys if we should continue our course on Sunday, but because the ladies say the Reach is too lovely to leave. It is like a great, calm, broad river,